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THE

SONGS

IN THE

WIDOW of DELPHI, &c.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

THE

SONGS

IN THE

WIDOW of DELPHI:

OR, THE

DESCENT OF THE DEITIES,

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

OF FIVE ACTS.

SET TO MUSIC BY Mr. THOMAS BUTLER.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

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LONDON:

DESCENT OF THE DEITIES:

IN THE

MASQUE

OF

COMUS.

TO

MR. THOMAS BUTLER,

AS A SMALL,

YET CORDIAL TRIBUTE

TO HIS GENIUS,

THESE SONGS

ARE INSCRIBED,

By the AUTHOR.

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SONGS

IN THE

WIDOW of DELPHI, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE, Delphi, *at the Foot of Mount* Parnaſſus.

SERENADE.

WIVES, awake! unveil your eyes,
Sluggards, no more yawning;
See the Delphic god ariſe,
Bright Apollo dawning.

II.

Huſbands, rouſe at love's alarms,
Drowſy ſlumbers ſcorning;
Rovers, quit your doxies arms,
Up, behold 'tis morning!

III.

Maidens fair, have at your hearts!
Hymen's torch is flaming;
Cupid whets his pointed darts,
And look! the rogue is aiming.

IV.

Fair the bud of beauty blows,
Mellow ſweets are palling;
Crown us with the virgin roſe,
And ſo prevent its falling.

V. Bound

V.

Bound with ivy, bound with vines,
Youth ſerenely paſſes;
Bacchus round our temples twines,
And ſparkles in our glaſſes.

VI.

What have we to do with ſleep,
We, who ne'er knew ſorrow?
We can ſing, and dance, and leap,
And give you ſtill good-morrow.

AIR II.

MEGADORUS.

I.

In the city of Phœbus a widow there dwelt,
Of her honour ſo nice, and ſo jealous,
It was clear as the ſun, that whatever ſhe felt,
She'd no feeling for us honeſt fellows.

II.

For ſhe flouted, and pouted, and look'd ſo demure,
On her knees ſhe was ever a praying;
Her blood was as cold as December I'm ſure,
When other young bloods were a Maying.

III.

This widow a challenge to Venus wou'd ſend,
On her pride ſhe had ſuch a reliance;
Sly Cupid ſtood by while the meſſage ſhe penn'd,
And ſmil'd at her ſaucy defiance.

IV.

In a moment an arrow he ſhap'd from her pen,
Then aim'd at her heart and let fly;
Let no widow, he cry'd, forſwear marriage again,
One and all from this hour ſhall comply.

AIR III.

MERCURIUS.

I peſter the Gods with no troubleſome prayer
From a covetous hunks or extravagant heir;
I put up no ſuit from a fanciful dame,
To patch up a wrinkle or plaiſter her fame.

No critic appeal from poetical elf
To puff down all others, and up with himſelf;
I pray not for wit, wine or women, not I:
Give me caſh, father Jove!—all the reſt I can buy.

AIR IV.

LUCRETIA.

Meat and drink, bed and board,
Shall be your's at a word,
With whatever the houſe can ſupply;
For to fly at the nod
Of ſo charming a God,
Who ſo willing, ſo happy as I?

II.

Ev'ry day at your ſhrine
I'll pay honours divine
For this plentiful ſpice of your art;
And whatever I prove
To Apollo and Jove,
'Tis Mercury reigns at my heart.

III.

Eat and drink, laugh and ſing,
Make the merry bells ring,
Your hoſteſs will ſcorn to ſay no;
For you need not be told,
That the proverb of old
Says, *'tis money that makes the mare go.*

AIR V.

APOLLO.

Diana's the ſaint of the ſkies,
A foe to all frolick and mirth;
But when midnight has blinded our eyes,
She deſcends to intrigue upon earth.

II.

Coy Pallas, who ſnubs father Jove,
When he's mellow and vents a free joke,
If ſhe copes with the arrows of love,
Finds her ægis no ſhield from the ſtroke.

III.

Dame Veſta, tho' wrinkled and old,
Is not proof againſt youthful deſire;
For how can that goſſip be cold,
Who ſo lovingly nurſes the fire?

IV.

Queen Juno, as chronicles tell,
In a cloud was once roguiſhly given:
Old maidens may lead apes in hell;
But, believe me, not one is in heaven.

AIR VI.

VENUS.

Wiſe Apollo, where's your wit, ſir?
Vulcan's hammer's not ſo dull.
Cunning Hermes, you are bit, ſir;
Pin a gooſe wing to your ſcull.

II.

Back to heaven, ye ſilly rovers,
What have you on earth to do?
With the Gods you paſs for lovers;
Here one mortal's worth the two.

AIR VII.

VENUS, APOLLO, MERCURIUS.

VENUS.

Behold the queen of love and beauty,
Venus in your preſence ſtands;
Saucy ſubjects, know your duty,
Kneel and kiſs your ſovereign's hands!

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

No, Venus, not I—let old Vulcan descend
To such humble devotion;
But may this be my motion,
Give your hand to your husband, your lips to your friend.

MERCURIUS.

May the lacquey of Jove
Kiss the goddess of love?
What rapture! what blessing!
O lips, worth the pressing!
Let us toy, let us play,
I am Hermes so gay.

VENUS.

Keep away, keep away!

APOLLO.

Let us toy, let us play,
I'm the regent of day.

VENUS.

Keep away, keep away!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

AIR. VIII.

MERCURIUS.

SAUCY mortal, away!
Nor preſume to delay
The privileg'd ſervant of Jove;
Leſt I flaſh in your eyes
The revenge of the ſkies,
And ſtrike you with fires from above.

II.

If to worſhip a thief
May exceed your belief,
As a thing too romantic and odd;
Know my tricks are ſo neat,
Men applaud the deceit,
And adore the addreſs of the God.

III.

But in thieving my rule
Is to filch from the fool,
And beſtow on the honeſt and brave;
And tho' Themis be juſt,
Yet acknowledge ſhe muſt,
There's no crime in out-witting a knave.

AIR IX.

LUCRETIA.

Whate'er philoſophers opine,
Or phyſic ſages ſay,
To chear the heart with generous wine
Is ſtill the wiſeſt way.

II.

For where's the wiſdom, I would aſk,
Life's ſorrows to endure,
When every ſorrow in a flaſk
May find a lively cure?

III.

Then round your temples chaplets twine
Of roſes freſh and gay;
And warm you hearts with generous wine,
For 'tis the wiſeſt way.

AIR. X.

VENUS.

Ah, flattering man, why ſo much art
To lure a weak, unguarded heart?
Why thus purſue a yielding maid,
By nature more than half betray'd?

II.

With meek devotion let me dwell,
Where penſive tolls the veſper bell;
For all your pains can only prove,
You're born for conqueſt, I for love.

AIR XI.

PHILÆNIS.

Ah, woe is me! what partial doom
The cruel fates decree!
Birth, riches, crowns are dealt to ſome,
And hope to all but me.

II.

For no protecting power above
Makes my ſad heart its care;
Why form it elſe, ye Gods, for love,
And leave it to deſpair?

III.

And cou'd ambition make me great,
Not even a crown wou'd ſave;
For tho' a king, 'twou'd be my fate
To love and be a ſlave.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

AIR XII.

APOLLO.

THE Weſt was now ſkirted with gold,
The birds were all mute in the grove,
The ſhepherd had quitted the fold,
When I ſtole to the arms of my love.

II.

While the ſun was bright flaming on high,
Who ſo coy, ſo demure as the fair?
But when darkneſs had ſhrouded the ſky,
I no longer was left to deſpair.

III.

When I happily ſnatch'd a ſweet kiſs
From her lips that now woo'd to be preſt;
The ſtars only witneſs'd my bliſs;
No lover was ever ſo bleſt.

AIR XII.

VENUS.

Oh thou, whoſe ready quick reſource
Gives all I wiſh and all I want,
Aſk what thou wilt, but aſk of courſe
What beauty's Goddeſs ought to grant.

II.

Strike hands,—my friendſhip thus I bind,
Thou on thy part as faithful prove,
And keep this maxim ſtill in mind,
That ſecrecy's the ſoul of love.

AIR XIV.

MEGADORUS, PERTINAX.

MEGADORUS.

My life is devoted to pleaſure,
I laugh at a petulant frown;
So give your proud ſtomach its meaſure,
And then the proud thing muſt come down.

PERTINAX.

To ſet beauty and love at defiance,
I find I muſt ſtill go to ſchool;
And what have I gain'd by my ſcience,
But wiſdom to know I'm a fool?

DUETTO.

Come then, let us laugh at each other,
They lighten their ſhame who divide;
So long as each fool has a brother,
Each has ſomething to ſay on his ſide.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

AIR XVI.

MERCURIUS.

Neapolitan *Ballad.*

TWO gods, to paſs an hour or ſo,
From heav'n to earth deſcended;
To ſee how matters went below,
And if the world was mended.

II.

They found religion was a maſk,
Unwary fools to cozen;
And Reformation a worſe taſk,
Than Hercules's dozen.

III.

They look'd for honeſty—'twas ſcarce;
Each man berogu'd his neighbour;
They ſearch'd for friendſhip—'twas a farce,
They did but loſe their labour.

IV.

The fairer ſex was next their care,
They found them free and witty;
They aſk'd for chaſtity—'twas rare,
And ſeldom ſuch were pretty.

V.

The god of thieves had left the ſkies,
At call of many a ſuitor;
But found his pupils grown ſo wiſe,
That they out-trick'd their tutor.

VI.

So back they bore theſe tidings ſad,
To Jove's high hall aſcending;
Convinc'd, when things are grown ſo bad,
They are not worth the mending.

AIR XVII.

MEGADORUS, LUCRETIA.

MEGADORUS.

Thus your pearly hand ſaluting,
Deign theſe orient gems to wear;
Pearls with pearls in whiteneſs ſuiting,
Faireſt gems become the fair.

LUCRETIA.

Well, you men have ways ſo winning,
You muſt have your will I ſee;
Now cut hands, and thus beginning,
Laſting let our friendſhip be.

AIR XVIII.

PERTINAX.

I quake, I quiver, and my heart
Sinks to a more ignoble part;
There keeps a roaring revel rout,
Thumping, and thundering about.

II.

My knees, diſputing 'bout their fears,
Tumble together by the ears;
Nor will my teeth their chattering ceaſe,
And ſtrike up articles of peace.

III.

While horror thus with briſtly ſtare,
Makes perpendicular each hair;
In ſuch a plight was I to pray,
My frighted prayer wou'd miſs its way.

AIR XIX.

PHILÆNIS.

Fair was the dame withal, and wiſe,
The ſwain was bold and young;
Affection brighten'd in her eyes,
And flatt'ry ſmooth'd his tongue.

II.

At length in ſoft complaintive ſtrain,
He made his ſorrows known;
She drew from his ſad breaſt the pain,
And fix'd it in her own.

III. For

III.

For kind to pity's tender tale,
And ſoft our boſoms are;
And men will flatter, and prevail,
In ſpite of all our care.

AIR XX.

VENUS.

If fortune's frowns a while appall,
Let none her pow'r defy;
She turns her wheel, the lofty fall,
The fallen mount on high.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

D ACT

ACT V.

AIR XXI.

PHILÆNIS.

HIS form by nature's hand was caſt
In beauty's manly mould;
His heart a coſtly jewel was,
Cas'd in a ſhrine of gold.

II.

The Gods in heavenly ſynod met,
And each a bleſſing gave:
Wiſe, valiant, virtuous he became;
But ah! he was a ſlave.

III.

He ſerv'd, as ſlave yet never ſerv'd,
A proud, unworthy dame;
He lov'd as youth ne'er lov'd before,
But fed a hopeleſs flame.

IV. For

IV.

For hard the heart of her he lov'd,
And ſtubborn was her pride;
One day ſhe drove him from her ſight,
He bow'd, obey'd and died.

V.

And never ſhall his mournful tale
Soft pity fail to move;
Nor was there one who ſaw the youth,
That ever fail'd to love.

VI.

And was it then that fortune's blind,
Or was it fortune's ſpight?
Oh, take away her pow'r, ye Gods!
Or do not take her ſight.

AIR XXII.

VENUS.

Give me your hand—Ah! what is this?
What means this pulſe that beats ſo high?
Why do thoſe lips invite the kiſs?
Why baſks that Cupid in your eye?

II.

Devotion ſays her holy flame
Provokes your ſwelling breaſt to heave;
But love aſſerts a counter claim,
Ah, tell me which muſt I believe?

AIR XXIII.

HYMN.

Phœbus oracular, bowman divine,
Solar ſublimity, propitious ſhine!

See, our chaunted prayers prevail;
Hail, bright imp of glory, hail!
Round and round the ſacred ſpot
Weave your ſteps in ſnakey knot.

CHORUS.

'Tis done: let all the ſons of earth be ſtill,
And hear with ſilent awe Apollo's will.

CHO-

FINALE XXIV.

CHORUS.

Let us drink to the widow the health of the day,
To the girl of the Python ſo frolick and gay;
Let us kneel to the Goddeſs of beauty and love,
And worſhip the ſon and the ſervant of Jove.

APOLLO.

Approach, merry mortals, and worſhip my ſhrine,
Now 'tis incens'd with viands and ſprinkled with wine!
Tho' the Pythia be dead and the Oracle dumb,
If my votaries fail, let my viſitants come.

CHORUS.

Let us drink, &c.

MERCURIUS.

Tho' no lightning now flashes, no thunder now rolls,
We've the flashing of wit, and the flowing of bowls;
We've the thunder of laughter, the roar of applause;
We've the smacking of lips, and the cracking of jaws.

CHORUS.

Let us drink, *&c.*

LUCRETIA.

At the word of command, see what dainties appear,
Search the world for a dish, and behold it is here:
And which of you all but must relish a feast,
Where wit is the founder and beauty the guest?

CHORUS.

Let us drink, *&c.*

VENUS.

To you, happy mortals, indulgence is given,
To ſit down with the gods to the banquet of heav'n;
To converſe with Apollo, with Hermes to laugh,
And with Venus at table Jove's nectar to quaff.

CHORUS.

Crown the banquet with garlands, with muſic and wine,
All joy to the pair whom the deities join;
May the foundling of Paphos this maxim diſplay,
That he beſt can govern, who beſt can obey.

END OF THE DRAMA.

VENUS.

To you, happy mortals, indulgence is given,
To sit down with the gods to the banquet of
heav'n;
To converse with Apollo, with Hermes to laugh,
And with Venus at table Jove's nectar to quaff.

CHORUS.

Crown the banquet with garlands, with music
and wine,
All joy to the pair whom the deities join;
May the found[illegible] [illegible]os this maxim dis-
play,
That he best can govern, who best can obey.

END OF THE DRAMA.